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T MOGFOOTS

MARVIN M. TAYLOR

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THE MOGFOOTS

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BY

MARVIN M. TAYLOR

WITH PICTURES BY

MARJORIE VERY

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NOW, THEN—

If you take my advice you will eat bread and milk or—if you can get it—ice cream, before going to bed, and not mince pie or plum pudding!

I didn't take my own advice one night and ate a lot of mince pie before going to bed, and I had the funniest kind of a dream. I dreamed that I was tied tight on my back and a long string of feet, just feet, were walking all over me—no heads or bodies on them, mind you, just feet, oh lots of them, foot after foot, tramping over me, like:

CATFOOTS
RATFOOTS
BEARFOOTS
HAREFOOTS
MONKEYFOOTS
DONKEYFOOTS
CHIPMUCKFOOTS
WOODCHUCKFOOTS
FROGFOOTS
MOGFOOTS . . .

"Mogfoots," "mogfoots," what are mogfoots? Why, don't you know what mogfoots are? Didn't your mother ever say to you, "Mog along—mog along," and if so, didn't you, being of

course a good little boy or girl, mind your mother and go? And if you went didn't you use your feet and mog along? And if so, weren't your feet mogfoots, just as much as the cat's, or the rat's, or the monkey's, or the donkey's? Of course they were. And so the feet of little boys and girls are "mogfoots." And of course the feet of their daddies and mothers are mogfoots too, only bigger and, I am bound to say, probably not so pretty.

So "Mogfoots" is just another name for everybody's feet. And judging from the number of them I saw in my dream I concluded that the whole

MOGFOOT FAMILY

were out for a walk. And that set me to thinking what kind of folks these particular mogfoots were and what they were doing; and what I thought about them I am telling you in these rhymes. And if you don't like them I shall be disappointed.

I.

THE SQUIRREL TAIL

Old Mr. Mogfoot,
Out for a walk,
Met a little boy and girl
And heard them talk;
Said the little girl,
As she shook her little curl,
"You're-a-very-naughty-boy
To kill the pretty squirrel!"

Said the little boy,
Looking very coy,
"You shall be my sweetheart
If you do not cry,
And wear his tail upon your hat
And make a squirrel pie!"

II.

ROLY-POLY MOGFOOT

Roly-Poly Mogfoot,
Broad as he was long,
Sometimes he did what was right
And sometimes what was wrong;
Sometimes he minded his mama,
And oftentimes he wouldn't,
And so sometimes she loved him much
And other times she couldn't!

III.

THE DIRT EATER

Little Honey Mogfoot,
Naughty mischief elf,
Stole away downstairs one time
All by himself;
And dug his dimpled fingers
Into the flower pot,
And mussed his dress,
And splotched his face
With dirt—and ate a lot!

IV.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF

And then again another day,
When he was out of sight,
Stole daddy Mogfoot's pocketbook,
Which surely was not right;
He pulled out all the papers
And threw them on the floor—
And he will get a spanking
If he does it any more!

V.

FIGHT INSTEAD OF FUN

Mrs. Mama Mogfoot
Went down town to shop,
She bought a ball
She bought a doll
And bought a humming top;
At home, each little Mogfoot
Wanted every one—
So quickly they began to fight
Instead of having fun!

VI.

SPLUTTER-SPLASHED EGGS

Little Polly Mogfoot
Went to get the eggs
In her apron held up high
Above her chubby legs;
She stubbed her moggy toes,
And tore her toggy clothes,
And broke the eggs to splutter-splash,
And had a deal of woes!

VII.

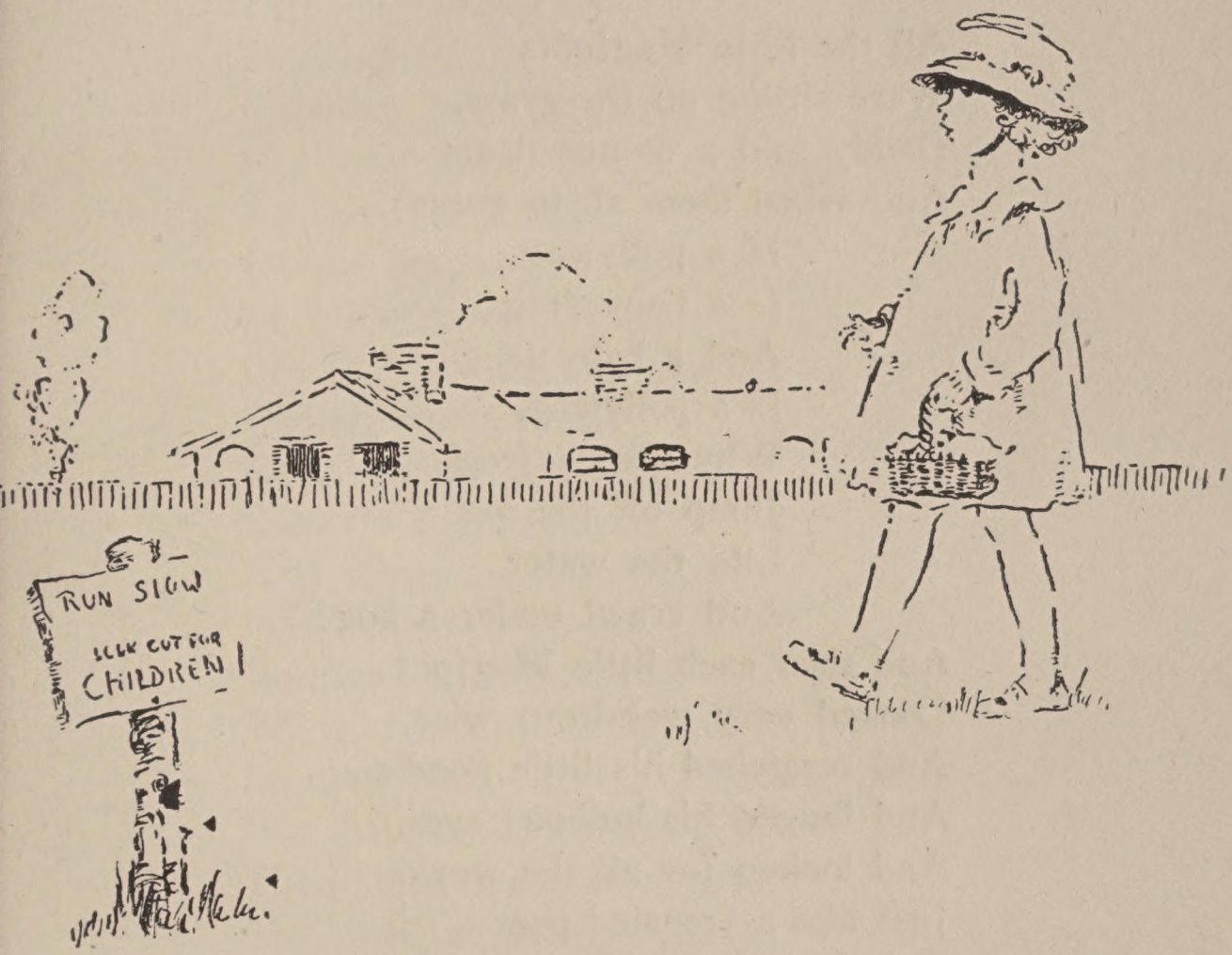
INKY INSIDES

Little Honey Mogfoot—
Why, what do you think—
One morning in his mischief
He drank a drink of ink!
When Polly Mogfoot saw it
Right loudly then she cried,
Because she knew that he would be
All black all down inside!

VIII.

KINDERGARDEN POLLY

Little Polly Mogfoot
To kindergarden goes,
  In basket hat,
And kid gloved hands,
And all her pretty clothes;
  She learns to work,
  She learns to play,
And learns to be polite;
  And to be kind,
  And how to mind,
And comes home every night!


RUN SLOW
LOOK OUT FOR
CHILDREN

IX.

THE CO-NUN-DRUM

All the little Mogfoots
Were sitting on the grass,
Daddy told a co-nun-drum
And asked them all to guess;
"If a pollywog
Is a baby frog
And a baby frog
Is a pollywog,
Why does a frog
Jump off the log
Into the water
And crawl under a bog?"
And then each little Mogfoot
Looked very wondrous wise,
And scratched his little noodle
And bulged his bulbous eyes,
And looked for all the world
Just like a frenzied poet—
But think as hard as they could think
Not one of them could do it!

X.

THE MONKEY AND THE MONKEYMAN

All the little Mogfoots,
Standing tip-a-toe
At the chamber window
In a raptured row,
Harking to the organ,
Thrilling with delight,
Clapping hands and screaming
At the funny sight
Of the bespangled monkey,
In velvet coat and cap,
Climbing up the eavestrough
Quicker than a cat!
Little Honey Mogfoot
Looks a bit dismayed,
And clings to sister Polly—
Who thinks she's not afraid;
But feels a little safer
When, from the organ top,
Monkey doffs his cap to thank them
For the pennies he has got.
Then from her post of safety
She cries with keen delight,
"Isn't that a dandy
Monkey and monkey man!
Buy him for me daddy
Won't you if you can—
Oh! such a dandy monkey,
And dandy monkey man!"

"What kind of a coat did he have on?"
" 'Twas velvet," said her daddy.
"And what were all the shiny spots?"
"Silver spangles, little laddie."

Should you live to be a hundred,
And have a palace grand,
And stand with lords and ladies
Harking to the royal band,
You will never be so happy
As you are this childhood day,
When you listen to the organman
And clap your hands and say,
"Oh; isn't that a dandy
Monkey and monkey man!
Buy him for me daddy
Won't you if you can?
Oh! such a dandy monkey,
And dandy monkey man!"

XI.

TOTING A TOT

Little Honey Mogfoot
Wants his dad to tote 'im,
Wants his dad to tote 'im
  All the time!
"Tage me, tage me," cries he
Stretching high his fingers,
Springing up in daddy's arms
  To climb.

Then I tote 'im round the garden
Where the honey suckles climb,
And I tote 'im where the poppies
Wave aloft their graceful chimes;

And I tote 'im where the roses
Lavish wide their rich perfumes,
And I tote 'im where the dahlias
Proudly show their stately blooms;

And I tote 'im where the sunbeams
Gleam and glint among his hair,
Breaking through the lacey oak leaves
Waving on the rustling air;

And I tote 'im neath the maples
Where the robins sing aloft,
And I tote 'im where the pigeons
Croon their love notes from the croft.

Then I tote 'im to his high chair,
And tie on his broidered bib,
And watch him eat his supper
'Ere I tote 'im to his crib.

There in his snowy nightgown
I soothe his tired cries,
And tote 'im off to dreamland
Gently singing lullabies.

XII.

RUNAWAY POLLY

Little Polly Mogfoot
She ran away from home,
Although her mother told her not
About the streets to roam;
And when her father got her
And led her by the hand,
Alooking grim and gloomy,
And walking kind-a-grand,
The little maid guessed rightly,
That when she reached her ma
She'd fair a good deal worser
Than she had with her pa!
She said she didn't mean to,
And that she sure forgot;
But to help her to remember
Mama spanked her on the spot.

XIII.

THE BIG BLUE OCEAN AFLOAT

All the little Mogfoots
They to the sea shore went,
Just to recuperate their health
And all on pleasure bent;

The noises of the city streets,
And all their social cares,
Were getting sadly on their nerves
And turning gray their hairs!

So they traveled on the trolleys,
And they traveled on the cars,
And they traveled on the great big boat,
Till they came down to the seaside
And the shores of level sand
Where all the big blue ocean was afloat.

And there they played upon the beach,
And dug holes in the sand,
And gathered shells and funny things
That drifted on the strand;

And there they splashed the water in
Their bathing suits uncouth
And grew as brown as chestnuts,
And quite renewed their youth!

XIV.

AUNT PRIMILLA

And one day Honey Mogfoot
Was eating by himself
In a corner of the kitchen
Upon a little shelf.

It was so warm and steamy there,
The victuals were so fine,
That Honey sure was having
Just the wonderfulest time:—

When—Aunt Primilla saw him!
And forthwith set about
To probe the situation
And put his peace to rout.

And first she choked around his neck
A napkin stiff and white,
And coldly told him that his hands
Were an "awful looking sight".

Down from his chair he had to go
And wash them in the sink—
But Honey wasn't eating up
His hands! and could not think

What possiblest difference
It possibly could make
With his bowl of juicy apple sauce
And piece of johnnie cake.

Then Aunt Primilla cautioned him
To spread the butter thin,
And not to spread the jam so thick,
And wipe it off his chin,

And not to eat his food so fast,
And chew it just a little—
Till Honey was all flustered up
Into an awful pickle!

XVI.

FISHES MONEY

Once when the tide was very low,
And they could wade far out,
They found a lot of flat round things
A-scattered all about;
And some were big as pennies are,
And some as big as dollars,
And all engraved with weird designs
To puzzle all the scholars.
"And what are these?" with upheld hand
Inquired little Honey;
His daddy said—I guess he guessed—
That that was "fishes money"!
"How do they get the money?"
Little Polly Mogfoot asked,
"By looking very sharply, and
By swimming very fast;
And the fish that swims the fastest,
And works hardest with his tail,
Is the banker in the fish world
And never has to fail!"

XVII.

THE ESCALATOR

And when they were returning
From the ocean all afloat,
And landed in the city from
The crowded pleasure boat,
The Mogfoots dashed into a car
And quickly rolled away
Into a dark and twisty hole
Far from the light of day;
And quicker than Jack Rabbit
They whirled and curled along,
And hustled from the car again
Into a surging throng.
And right before them floating up
Stood people in long rows
Who didn't take a single step
Upon their moggy toes!
And Honey was excited,
And Roly Poly dazed,
While placidly upon it all
Proud Polly calmly gazed.
And on the sidewalk Honey cried,
Fast clinging to his pup,
"Oh, weren't those funny, funny stairs
That just walked us up!
Oh, Mamma, I must go and let
Them walk me up again!" But—
When Mamma Mogfoot said that it
Would cost another dime,
Then Honey thought that he would wait
Until another time.

XVIII.

DADDY'S WELCOME HOME

When Daddy Mogfoot trudges home
In the afterglow at night,
A-thinking how fatigued he is,
And how nothing goes quite right,
He spies upon the curbing near
The bottom of his street,
Two little bobbing, towseled heads,
Four dangling, sandaled feet.
  The little heads are jabbering
Most wondrous, wondrous things,
And the sandaled feet and brown bare legs
Are only restless springs,
Ready to speed these towseled heads
And outstretched waving hands,
Loud heralded by happy shouts,
To where their daddy stands!
  And when they come a-scampering
And screaming down the street,
And run plump into daddy and
Almost knock him off his feet,
And grab into his big warm palms
Their eager, clinging hands,
And then begin to chatter like
The sea gulls on the sand,
And tell him all the wondrous things
Which they have done the day,
The castles they have builded,
And the games that they have played;

And hurry home to show him
The marvelous things they've done,
And ask a hundred questions
Fast as balls from gatling-gun;
Why, then their daddy quite forgets
His troubles and his care,
And knows he has a fortune
In this precious little pair.

XIX.

THE SOLDIERS MARCHING BY

All the little Mogfoots,
Upon Memorial day,
Went to see the soldiers march,
And hear the brass band play;
And stood with eyes of wonder
When old soldiers tottered by,
And could not understand at all
Why anyone should cry,
When the brass band was a-playing
And the soldiers marching by!
Then daddy told about the wars,
And how the soldiers fought
And died to make our country,
As noble freemen ought;
And how they left their loved ones
And their little Mogfoots, too,
"To fight and die if need be
For a land for me and you;"
And how, to do them honor,
And lest we should forget,
The old and tottering soldiers,
The few of them still left,
Come once a year with flowers and

VERY

With flags to deck the graves
Where the soldiers lie a-sleeping
In the land they died to save.
And then the little Mogfoots
Looked very like to cry,
When the brass band was a-playing
And the soldiers marching by.

XX.

THE MOGFOOT PICNIC

One day the Mogfoot family
On a jolly picnic went,
With baskets full of goodies,
And all on pleasure bent;
The little Mogfoots romped and ran
Beneath the big tall trees,
Picked handfuls of gay flowers,
Chased butterflies and bees,
Skipped rope along the shady trails,
Drank water from the spring,
And made the cool and quiet grove
With songs and laughter ring.

And when they got as hungry
As a lot of little bears
They gathered round the cakes and pies
And clamored for their shares.
Until their stomachs all were full,
And their sticky fiingers, too—
And they were very tired, and
Did not know what to do!
And then they made a circle
Around a mossy rock
And Daddy told them stories
For an hour by the clock—
But little Honey Mogfoot,
Curled in his mother's lap,
Too comfy was, to listen long
And took a cosy nap.

But soon an awful thunder storm
Came grumbling along!
And nearly spoiled their picnic, and
Made everything go wrong.
It soaked down Honey's collar,
And Polly's ribbons gay,
And Daddy he got kind of cross,
And Ma had lots to say!
They hurried home right quickly,
A draggled looking set,
Which really was quite natural—
They were so very wet!
But soon they were all cosily
Tucked in their snowy beds,
And not a trouble troubled
Their sleepy little heads.

XXI.

THE RUDE CAT

One morning Honey Mogfoot
Was playing with the cat—
Who was very, very hungry
For she hadn't had a rat
  For breakfast!
And in one hand he held a big
Brown piece of gingerbread—
And kitty liked the smell of that,
And impolitely said,
"Meow-meow" without a "please,"
And grabbed it with her claws,
And scratched poor little Honey
Which made him mad—because
He wanted all that gingerbread
  Just for himself!
He tried to slap the kitty,
And stamped upon the floor—
But kitty ran away with it
And gobbled down some more!
Then Honey to his Mother ran
And told her on the cat,
And said he'd never play with her
Because she did like that;
And Mother took him in her lap,
And stroked him on the head,
And soothed him with another great
Big piece of gingerbread!

XXII.

MISS MOLLY POOLE

One day Polly Mogfoot
Was playing on the street,
At rolling hoop and skipping rope
With gay and nimble feet,
When down the street came Molly Poole,
A little maiden trim,
Dressed in her nicest party dress
And looking very prim.
  And Polly said "Hello, Molly"—
But Molly didn't answer;
And Polly thought her very rude,
And her conduct didn't fancy.
"You needn't feel so just stuck up
Because you look so pretty"—
"If I should look as bad as you
I'd think it was a pity!"
"Well I look just as good as you,"
Said Polly with a fling.
"You don't either," said Molly Poole,
"You're a nasty little thing!"
And Polly said she wasn't
And, "You are just another,"
And Molly said *she* wasn't,
And she would tell her Mother.
And then they called each other things
  At the top of their lungs—
And there they both stood on the street
A sticking out their tongues!

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